VOL. II. **LITERARY TABLET.** No. XXII.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Mr. ORLANDO,

MOTIVES to a virtuous life ſtrengthen and increaſe as often as the ſubject is made a theme of reflection. An attempt to deſcribe the excellencies of virtue, or to detail the numerous inducements, with which it is recommended to the rational mind, is not the object of the preſent eſſay. No more is intended than to urge the importance of morality and religion, from *a conſideration of the duty we owe to our ſurviving relatives and friends.*——Moſt intereſting is the memory of a *deceaſed* companion or acquaintance. Moſt conſolatory is the memory of the righteous, for it is they who die in the LORD and are bleſſed. Although it is not for the living to diſturb the aſhes of the dead, although it is not the prerogative of a groveling mortal to determine the deſtiny of a ſpirit, that has recently flown to eternity, yet the reflecting and ſtable advocate of the chriſtian faith will be ſoothed with a hope or damped with a fear. His thoughts will inſenſibly, and perhaps involuntarily, make an excurſion to the unſeen manſions of ſouls, and ſtation his laſt friend in ſome abode, to which his character ſeemed adapted. Whether this diſpoſition to range the regions of the other world, in ſearch of an individual ſpirit, be right or the contrary, does not concern our ſubject. As it is an obvious fact that ſuch reflections do obtrude, a ſtrong obligation thence ariſes, that our conduct and characters be ſuch as ſhall inſpire an aſſurance in the boſoms of mourning ſurvivors, that our death is a paſs to a *glorious reſt.* Our duty to our fellow beings conſiſts in a deſire and endeavor to advance their happineſs. If we have friends, to whom our memory muſt be intereſting, our obligation to them cannot be diſcharged unleſs we live in ſuch a manner as that a rationally well grounded hope may be extended to us beyond the grave. Life is momently expoſed; our exit may be ſudden, and we cannot acquit ourſelves to the living, unleſs we be prepared to die.—I ſee a grey-haired decrepit father. With feeble ſteps he is repairing to the grave of a ſon, he has loſt forever. I ſee the tears bedew his ſorrowing countenance. He groans from his heart; he exerts an effort beyond nature, and exclaims—"*would to God I had died for thee, O my ſon.*" He lifts his eyes to heaven, preſſes them with his fingers and again the cryſtal drops fall on the ground.—He ſpeaks again;—"my ſon had the ſenſe and enterprize of a man—he ſtrove to be rich and to be great—he was unfortunate—poverty was ſeen in proſpect—he became deſperate—a temptation preſented and my ſon was entangled—he robbed his gueſt—was detected, and ſlew himſelf.—O that it were but a doubt that my ſon died by his own hand. I could then breath the ſighs of hope. But no murderer hath eternal life. For repentance he had not a ſolitary moment. O, dreadful thought! my ſon is now in h—. But hark! a voice is uthered from the heights of Heaven—*Judge not. GOD is juſt. Clouds and darkneſs encircle his pavillions!!*"

From this lamentable ſcene, let us retire and make a viſit at another apartment in the houſe of mourning. Here is a tender weeping mother. But her eyes emit not the tears of deſpair. "I am, ſays ſhe, bereaved of an amiable, affectionate daughter. From Nature ſhe received vivacity and ſprightlineſs. She could amply enjoy all the innocent pleaſures peculiar to youthful minds.—But with all her ſenſibility to pleaſures, her ſprightlineſs and youthful charms ſhe combined the immortal graces of virtue and religion. She abhorred to triſle with things ſacred and ſolemn. Although not extremely communicative on the ſubject of devotional feelings, yet ſhe would on proper occaſions expreſs her firm belief, her admiration and love of the Chriſtian religion. A few hours after her eyes had cloſed in the ſleep of death, I accidentally found a letter ſhe had written to an acquaintance ſome days before her laſt, ſudden and fatal illneſs. In that ſhe writes—"Why ſhould I fix my principal attention on the things of time. As this world is a place of *trial*, I pervert the deſign of my preſent being if I ſtrive to make it a place of *enjoyment.* I am here to conſult what is duty, not what is beſt for the preſent hour and for my own individual ſelf. If a love of the character of God and the things of his kingdom be the moſt ſublime, ſatisfying and exquiſite enjoyment of which my nature is capable, and if eternity be the principal place of enjoyment, I am a fool if I lay up treaſures on earth and neglect the heavenly riches. I think the comforts of religion are the greateſt I experience in this world, and I am certain that they muſt be all that I ſhall experience in the next." Happy and bleſſed the child that leaves ſuch a legacy to parents. F. S.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

NOTHING.

From a Paris paper.

IN ſpite of the wit with which the eyes of our fair readers generally inſpire us, we cannot deny that we are on ſome occaſions afflicted with ſuch a degree of mental ſterility as to be utterly incapable of producing any thing at all ſmart or entertaining.—What muſt we ſay under ſuch circumſtances? *Nothing*, reply our fair readers. That is preciſely what we have now reſolved to do. But you will ſay, that *Nothing* is a very inſignificant ſubject. Is this really your opinion? For our part, on the contrary, we believe that *Nothing* is at preſent every thing. May not the greater number of the voluminous romances, which conſume ſo much paper, and ſtuff the ſhelves of ſo many libraries, be very fairly reduced to *Nothing?* Are they not made of *Nothing?* Are they not ſold, or at leaſt are they not read for *Nothing?* What is obtained from reading them? Literally *Nothing.* How many people are there now a days, who, tho' originally *Nothing*, have, after being for a moment ſomething, again relapſed into *Nothing?* What is there in moſt caſes in thoſe pretty heads which not unfrequently turn ours? *Nothing.* The young *Olympe* pleads for a divorce from the old *Geronte*, to whom ſhe was married laſt year. What is it he has been doing during the year of their marriage? Why truly he has been doing *Nothing.* What does the prude *Orphiſe*, who exclaims ſo loudly againſt naked boſoms, conceal under the triple fur? Why ſhe conceals *Nothing.* Can you conceive any thing more witty and ſpirited than Mr. Sheridan's Comedies, or more dull and inſipid than the monſtrous farces of Kotzebue? *Nothing.* Is there any thing more unhappy than the lot of an unfortunate ſtock-jobber, more unfeeling than the heart of a rich miſer, more light than the vows of a lover, more dull than the verſes of Small Pybus? Still the anſwer is *Nothing.* You ſee then that *Nothing* is every thing, and even above every thing, for what is wanting to what has every thing? But *Nothing* has no where ſo great influence as over the fair ſex. They know how to pleaſe with *Nothing.* With *Nothing* they play off all their attractions.—A *Nothing* vexes and conſoles them; a *Nothing* puts them out of humour, and the ſame *Nothing* reſtores them to cheerfulneſs. A *Nothing* gives them the vapours, and in its turn affords them pleaſure and amuſement. But we will no longer treſpaſs on your patience with *Nothing*: and therefore we ſhall here cloſe our remarks on *Nothing!*

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

REMARKS ON CLASSICAL LEARNING.

AN univerſal language hath long been a favorite object with the learned. It is agreed that a medium, in which philoſophers of all nations might converſe, and communicate their thoughts by epiſtolary correſpondence, would contribute much to the advancement of letters. National animoſities will prevent the adoption of any modern tongue; and were it once introduced, the continual fluctuation of language would ſoon render it uſeleſs. Why, then, not adopt the Latin as an univerſal language? It is copious and ſimple; it is eaſily acquired, and its pronunciation and inflexion are regulated by the claſſics of the Auguſtan period. Diſcoveries in philoſophy will undoubtedly render ſome new words neceſſary, theſe may, however, be accommodated to the idium of the language; and any objection drawn from this inconvenience, will be equally applicable

to every other tongue. But it is idle to reaſon, when experience has already decided. The Latin has been the language of the learned world for more than two centuries ; with what utility we need not ſay ; but may affirm, without fear of being charged with abſurdity, that the invention of printing, during the 16th and 17th centuries, ſcarcely contributed more to the advancement of literature, than the general diffuſion of the Latin tongue. Thoſe times were certainly favorable to learning, when ERASMUS could converſe and correſpond with all the princes, nobles, and literati of *Europe*, in this ſingle language.

Though the diſeaſe be not perhaps paſt remedy, we have, in a great degree, loſt this advantage. The evil ſeems to have ariſen from the French writers of the age of LEWIS XIV, who entertained the idea of making their own an univerſal language. The literary and political glory of *France* ſeemed to juſtify their hopes, which, in the event, were diſapointed. Whatever may be the merit of the French tongue, the great difficulty of pronouncing and writing it with tolerable property, will prevent its becoming a medium of general intercourſe.

In taking notice of the objections, which are uſually made to a claſſical education, it is unneceſſary to advert to thoſe which are drawn from the abſurdity of ſtudying the dead languages, to the excluſion of other uſeful branches of ſcience. We are not bound to defend the folly of ſchools and univerſities. If it be ſhewn that a competent knowledge of the claſſics may be gained withoutprejudice, and even with advantage, to other ſtudies, our object will be attained.

We frequently hear objections in the following terms, "To confine a boy in the grammar ſchool, during 6 or 8 years, principally engaged in a cloſe attention to the dead languages, is an egregious waſte of that time, which might be more uſefully beſtowed. You have filled his ear with words, while he is deſtitute of real knowledge." It is painful to hear, and tireſome to refute, ſuch palpable miſrepreſentation. In what manner can the early years of life be better employed, than in gaining a knowledge of ancient hiſtory and geography, a love of chaſte compoſition and elegant poetry, an acquaintace with the rules of juſt criticiſm, an admiration of noble and illuſtrions characters, and a habit of patient and laborious ſtudy ? Let not the acquſition of the learned languages be injuriouſly repreſented, as demanding the attention of a whole life. In common with an uſeful knowledge, they require application ; but regular and cloſe attention to the claſſics will ſoon enable any one to read them, not only without diſguſt, but with pleaſure and admiration.

It is a common remark, that knowledge, acquired with eaſe, is ſoon obliterated, while we pertinaciouſly retain the fruit of labor.—Thus the claſſical ſtudent has laid a ſolid foundation for excellence ; when the mere Engliſh ſcholar, by a rapid peruſal of books, has gained only ſuperficial ideas ; and, by a ſuppoſed acquaintance with every ſcience, has cloſed the avenues of real wiſdom.

Univerſal experience demonſtrates, that no real advantage ariſes from inſtructing boys in moral or natural philoſophy. Theſe ſtudies require a maturity of judgement, which early youth does not poſſeſs. A good memory, a habit of patient inveſtigation, are then primary objects ; and no ſtudies are more favorabl to theſe improvements, than thoſe, whoſe cauſe we now plead.

Some, who have not the hardineſs to deny that we derive much benefit from the claſſics, aſſert, that a ſufficient knowledge of them may be obtained by means of *tranſlations*. This they eſteem an objection ſo formidable, as at once to ſilence all, who contend for reading them in the original tongues. Candor will, however, confeſs, that a tranſlation, in the higher kinds of writing, muſt neceſſarily be inferior to the archytype. The beauty of ſtyle is gone. That *verbum ardens*, that glowing expreſſion, ſo pleaſing in the original, appears not in the copy. To contemplate the works of CICERO and VIRGIL in the medium of a tranſlation, is indeed ſeeing them through a glaſs darkly. Their finer beauties of ſentiment, their delicate alluſions and turns of thought, together with the harmonious arrangement of their language, are either dimly ſeen, or totally obſcured.

Uncommon excellence in literature can only reſult from a noble emulation, which preſſes forward againſt difficulties, with a full determination to overcome them. If we are taught to aim at the ſecond prize, inſtead of boldly ſtriving for the firſt, our ardor in the race will ſoon abate, and we ſhall obtain neither. What muſt we then think of thoſe, whoſe firſt leſſon to their pupils, is to impreſs upon them the belief, that to ſtudy the ancients in their original languages, is too difficult a taſk. Youth eaſily imbibes and extends theſe maxims of idleneſs ; and yet the fooliſh inſtructors are aſtoniſhed at the ill-ſucceſs of their labors.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, Dublin, May 18.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Fitzgerald v. Hawkſworth.

YESTERDAY, in the King's Bench, a verdict for 2500l. and 6d. coſts, was given for the plaintiff, againſt the defendant. Few trials at Niſi Prius have more engaged the public attention, or excited an higher degree of intereſt ; and whether we conſider the nature of the action, the portion of time it occupied, or the celebrity of at leaſt one of the parties, it was eminently calculated to call forth much curioſity. The trial laſted three days, from Tueſday morning till late on Thurſday evening.

The defendant is a young clergyman, who has figured as a preacher in moſt of the churches of this metropolis within the laſt five years, and whom his admirers conſider as ſcarcely inferior to Kirwan himſelf. In the year 1794, Mr. Hawkſworth, being then in his twentieth year, and on the point of taking his degree in College, became attached to Miſs Fitzgerald, who was then ſcarcely ſixteen. This young lady was the daughter of a reſpectable officer, who had retired from the ſervice with much honor, but no great ſhare of wealth, and had fixed his reſidence in Caſtletown, a beautiful village in the neighborhood of Mountrath, in Queen's county. Mr. Hawkſworth ſoon gained her affections, but ſtill he was not ſatisfied, as his father was an enemy to early marriage, and, of courſe, an immediate union was impoſſible. Time or accident, he apprehended, might defeat his hopes, or a parent's authority conſign her to the arms of another. In his letter, therefore, he urged her with all the ardour of a doting lover to enter into a ſolemn engagement never to marry any but him ; and to encourage her to make this vow, he called upon his God to forſake him when he forſook her. Theſe letters were read in evidence, and tho' they exhibited no very finiſhed ſpecimens of epiſtolary elegance, they ſeemed, at leaſt, to flow from the heart, and were not ill adapted to make an impreſſion on a girl of ſixteen ; at length they made that, and thus the connection continued until the year 1802.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hawſkworth had been ordained, had become a popular preacher, and was much followed. In January, 1802, he called on a Mrs. Palmer, a particular friend of Miſs Fitzgerald, and after ſome preliminary converſation, he told her he was ready to fulfil his engagement with Miſs Fitzgerald, if her friends would give her 1000l. and begged ſhe would communicate his intentions to them.—Mrs. Palmer delivered the meſſage. A council of war was ſummoned. Capt. Fitzgerald, the father, agreed to four hundred pounds ; the uncle, alſo an old officer, agreed to give two hundred ; and the brother to the young lady, who was then ſerving with his regiment in Malta, upon being written to, immediately promiſed to add the remaining 400l. out of the honorable earnings of his profeſſion ; and tho' he was then actually in treaty for a majority, he cheerfully poſtponed his own promotion to the happineſs of a beloved ſiſter—he did more, he came to Ireland to be a witneſs of that happineſs.

Hawkſworth ſeemed delighted with his arrival, every thing was ſettled, the wedding clothes prepared, a ſpecial licence procured, and even the ring purchaſed. Mr. Hawkſworth and young captain Fitzgerald went down to the country on Friday ; the next day, Saturday, was to be the happy day ; when lo! inſtead of the bridegroom, a billet doux was delivered to the company, at Caſtletown, begging to be excuſed, as he was obliged to go from home on pecuniary buſineſs. From this period until the action was brought, the interval was filled with evaſion ; the torch of love ſeemed completely extinguiſhed, and the viſions of his early days to have vaniſhed forever. The action was then brought, and the verdict 2500l. is commenſurate with his property.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Mr. ORLANDO,

Feeling a kind of indolent *deſire to promote the intereſt of the Tablet, I ſet down to extract a little for it. If you think my ſelections worthy, you will pleaſe to publiſh them.*

DIOGOS TANTALOS.

ANECDOTES.

A NOTED divine uſed to ſay, "He thought the reaſon, why many men of the greateſt learning and beſt natural abilities were Atheiſts and Deiſts, was, that the Divine Being did not intend the devil ſhould loſe his cauſe for want of its being well pled."

When Archbiſhop Leighton was aſked, why he did not preach on the political ſentiments of the times, as all the reſt of his brethren did? He anſwered, "that if all the reſt of the brethren preached on *time*, then ſurely one poor brother might preach on *eternity*."

Addreſſed to an Officer in the Army—By a Lady.

O THAT the muſe might call, without offence,
The gallant ſoldier back to his good ſenſe!
His temp'ral field, ſo cautious not to loſe!
So careleſs quite of his eternal foes.
Soldier! ſo tender of thy Prince's fame,
Why ſo profuſe of a ſuperior name?
For the King's ſake the brunt of battles bear;
But--for the KING of *King's* ſake --DO NOT SWEAR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

(The enſuing lines came too late for the poetical department.)

TO CLARINDA.

THROUGH the long day where e'er I ſtray,
And in my viſions nightly,
Bright fancied forms with female charms
Around me hover lightly.

Above the reſt, glides *Mary*, bleſt
With all I love moſt dearly;—
She ſays, my heart bids you depart
Though you may love ſincerely.

With hopes once fair, you baniſh'd care,
But now your bliſs is flying,
My woe ſhe ſpurns, with haſte ſhe turns
And leaves me fondly crying

Lov'd viſion ſtay! fly not away,
With frowns no more affright me;
No look diſarms, no boſom warms,
No ſmiles, but thine, delight me.

OSMIN.

FARRAGO.

MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

A NEW literary paper, called the '*Merrimack Miſcellany*,' has lately made its appearance. We have peruſed the firſt number, which contains conſiderable intereſting matter; but from ſo ſmall a ſpecimen we are incapable of forming *any opinion* in regard to the merits of the work. We wiſh that every laudable attempt to diffuſe uſeful knowledge, and harmleſs amuſement, may meet the patronage they deſerve. Mr. *Allworthy* we think, muſt be a *worthy* Editor, and we hope he will ſupport the dignity of his *name* by furniſhing his readers with that mental *nutriment*, which promotes the growth of literature and religion.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A number of our ſubſcribers have probably forgotten, that payment for the Tablet was to be made at the commencement of the year, or at the expiration of the firſt ſix months. Many have complied with the terms of the Publiſher, and by their punctuality, have merited his ſincereſt acknowledgments. Delinquents, we hope, will need but a ſingle call. Thoſe, who reſide at a diſtance from this place, can ſettle for the paper with the following gentlemen.

AGENTS for the LITERARY TABLET.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Eliſha Ticknor, Merchant, *Boſton.*
Iſaiah Thomas, jun. Printer, *Worceſter.*
Thomas C. Cuſhing, Printer, *Salem.*

DISTRICT OF MAINE.

Mr. Jacob Abbot, *Brunſwick.*
H. Weld Fuller, Eſq. *Auguſta.*

VERMONT.

Ezra Carter, Eſq. *Peacham.*
William Hall, Eſq. P. M. *Rockingham.*
Huntington & Fitch, Prs. *Middlebury.*
James Whitelaw, Eſq. P. M. *Ryegate.*
Poſt-Maſter, *Woodſtock.*
Timothy Hubbard, Eſq. P. M. *Montpelier.*

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

F. A. Sumner, Eſq. P. M. *Charleſtown.*
George Woodward, Eſq. *Haverhill.*
Moſes P. Payſon, Eſq. *Bath.*
John Voſe, Eſq. *Atkinſon.*
Samuel Bragg, Printer, Dover.

Among the Laws of the ancient Saxons we find the following.

IF any perſon could track his ſtolen cattle into another's ground, the owner of the ground was obliged to ſhew their tracks out of it, or pay the value of the cattle.

HE, who ſhould be detected in taking improper liberties with his neighbor's wife, was ordered to pay a fine, and buy his neighbor another wife.

A very homely man, acting Mithridates on a French theatre, when Monimia ſays to him, 'My lord, *you change your countenance*,'—a young fellow in the pit exclaimed, 'for heaven's ſake let him!'

THE United States Gazette obſerves that a *Steer* is advertized as having ſtrayed away from Georgetown college. It is mentioned that a deſcription of the animal is given, but that nothing is ſaid about the proficiency he has made in his *ſtudies*. It is probable that the government of the College having diſcovered him to be a mere *calf*, have *ruſticated* him.

Origin of the word MOLASSES.

A JOLLY Weſt-Indian, whenever the neighboring girls came to his plantations, inſiſted upon their ſipping his choiceſt ſyrups, and reiterated the terms "my laſſes;" thence the name of that ſyrup. Few words have aberrated from their primitives leſs than this.

ON Thurſday laſt, two orations were pronounced in this place, in celebration of American Independence; one in the meeting-hou by JOHN W. SMITH, jun. A. B.; the other the chapel, before the ſtudents of the Univerſity, by Mr. JAMES BRACKETT. From a lar number of toaſts drunken on the occaſion, ſelect the following.

The State of New-Hampſhire. So long her hills are crowned with verdure; ſo lo may her children continue to preſerve their political integrity.

The firm patriots of '76. Ever zealous defend the rights of their country, and re ready "to die *freemen*, than to live *ſlaves*."

Arts and Sciences. May they receive e couragement from the patrons of the pub good.

The Clergy. May they have the ſcriptur for their guide, and the happineſs of manki for their object.

The Fair Daughters of Columbia. M they, by their general endeavors and effect influence, prove a *magnet* for our guide, an *needle* to point to happineſs.

WASHINGTON—"We might degrade by tempting to eulogize this illuſtrious character

His Legacy—ſhame and penury to t wretch who, while he enjoys the bequeſt, ſla ders the donor.

The Univerſity of New-Hampſhire—may be a perennial fountain of correct principl and ſound philoſophy.

The Federal Conſtitution—May the hand palſied, which ſhall attempt its mutilation.

Liberty and Independence. May they, li the morning ſtars, unite in harmony; and the ſons of Columbia ſhout for joy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. is requeſted to complete his poem a tranſmit it to the Editor. It is our invariab practice not to publiſh a *part* before we rece the *whole*.

We hope Oſmin's chaſte Muſe will not weary in well-doing.

Our readers will derive much entertainme from Philo's ingenious and humorous eſſ He writes in the playful language of the R man bard, 'who encouraged virtue by ende oring to *laugh* folly from the world.' His p per ſhall appear in the next Tablet.

H's production, like other compoſitions, co ſiſts of letters and words, but they are odd jumbled together. It needs many correctio which muſt be made by the author; and th he may have time for making them, we ſh poſtpone the publication till the commen ment of the next *Platonic year*.

We wiſh to hear again from Monos.

ERRATA.

In No. XXI, page 83, 3d col. 32d line fro the bot. for *Cods*, read *Cools*. Page 84, col. 23d line from bot. for *before* read *above*.

DIED,

At Leiceſter, Mrs. Alice Adams, in t 37th year of her age, conſort of Ebenezer A ams, Eſq. Preceptor of Leiceſter Academy.

At Grafton, Ver. Mr. John Wier, aged 9

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN ODE,

Written by N. R. SMITH, and ſung at the celebration of Independence, at D. College, July 4th, 1805.

Tune—*Rule Britania.*

WHEN order firſt from chaos roſe,
O'er vaſt Columbia's happy land ;
Fair Freedom waking from repoſe,
Proclaim'd aloud this great command :

CHORUS.

Riſe Columbia, bravely riſe,
Rule the land and reach the ſkies.

When Britain's Sons with ſlaughter fir'd,
Begirt our ſhores, our rights t' invade ;
Columbia nobly fame acquir'd,
In honor's pureſt robes array'd.
Riſe Columbia, &c.

When war's rude tempeſt round us ſpread,
And thund'ring cannon roar'd from far ;
The Sons of Freedom knew no dread,
Nor fear'd Bellona's blood-ſtain'd car.
Riſe Columbia, &c.

Immortal Heroes fraught with zeal,
For rights more dear than life *could* be ;
Ere long began the flame to feel,
And ſwore their Country ſhould be free.
Riſe Columbia, &c.

With purple ſtreams the fields were ſtain'd,
And bloody corſes ſtrew'd the ground ;
Ere noble victory was gain'd,
Or ſweet repoſe from toil was found.
Riſe Columbia, &c.

To guide her Sons, by deeds renown'd,
Columbia bleſt, implor'd a Chief,
Who, long with laurell'd honors crown'd,
From ſlavery's yoke would grant relief.
Riſe Columbia, &c.

Fair Liberty enthron'd proclaim'd,
"The deeds of mortals have been done :"
"I've found a Hero," ſhe exclaim'd,
My choſen fav'rite, *WASHINGTON !*
Riſe Columbia, &c.

Then ſince immortal Freedom 's ours,
We'll hail with joy this feſtive morn ;
Which free'd us from tyrannic pow'rs,
On which our ſacred rights were born.
Riſe Columbia, &c.

SELECTED POETRY.

(Mr. Thornton, a gentleman of England, wrote the following verſes, upon receiving a mourning ring from a relation of his name.)

WELCOME, thou preſage of my certain doom !
I too muſt ſink into the darkſome tomb.
Yes, little prophet ! thus my name ſhall ſtand,
A mournful record on ſome friendly hand.
My name ! 'tis here the characters agree,
And every faithful letter ſpeaks to me ;
Bids me prepare to meet my nature's foe,
Serene to feel the fatal monſter's blow ;
Without a ſigh to quit the joys of time,
Secure of glory in a happier clime ;
Then mount the ſkies, forſake my old abode,
And gain the plaudit of a ſmiling God.
Receive, Lord Jeſus, body, ſoul, and ſpirit !
Behold my plea, thy ſuffering and thy merit.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY Y. H. L. HUNT.

Adieu, wi' a' thy woodnotes wild,
Thy rural pipe ſae ſweetly mild,
Thy ſong that mony a ſigh beguil'd
In ſorrow's breaſt ;
Adieu, misfortune's tuneful child ;
Thou'rt gone to reſt !

Though wealth and ſimple pride refuſe
To weep a perſecuted muſe,
Love, whom ye ſang ſae ſweet, tear-dews
Thy honour'd tomb ;
And o'er thee mony a flowret ſtrews
O' gayeſt bloom.

Fond ſpring for thee around the plough
Sha' wreathe her willows' greeneſt bough ;
And ſmiling love's warm hallow'd vow
Breathe on thy grave ;
Or whiſper where yon hill below
The dark trees wave.

Oft when the dying breeze ſha' ſeek
Wi' murm'ring kiſs the ev'ning cheek,
And ruſtling whiſpers fitfu' break
Fra' twilight grove,
Remembrance o'er the wild ſha' wake
Thy pipe o' love.

And oft where Tilt's hoarſe-daſhing wave
Hears round that rock his wild ſtream rave,
Yon woods, that, as the ſtorm they brave,
Mourn o'er the flood,
Sha' murmur to each ſullen cave
In muſic rude :

While, as thy ſongs o' freedom ſound,
The mighty ſpirts pour around,
Of Scots wha hae, on patriot ground,
Wi' Wallace bled ;
The groves, wi' awful grandeur crown'd,
Bow to the dead !

The flood's majeſtic genius rears
His furrow'd front ſublime in years,
And, as the ſwelling pomp he hears,
Rolls his dark eye,
And ſhakes the reeds wreath'd o'er his ears,
Tumbling fra' high.

Night ſilent comes ; the hero band
Sit pond'ring on their native land ;
Tilt half enchains wi' rugged hand
His moon-lit wave ;
The woods in ſullen murmurs grand
Soothe the ſtern brave !

How ſolemn thus, when life's aw'd ſight
Looks in the grave, the day ance bright
Spread wi' dark clouds, to view its light,
Steal fra' the eye ;
And ponder on the gathring night,
Futurity !

But night is gane ; the ſmiling morn
Beams over Tilt's rock-broken burn ;
Awa' the fairy viſion's torn ;
And truth ance mair
Points where *his* lyre lies a' forlorn,
The charm o' Ayr !

Ah, bluſh, ye proud, on wealth wha' doat !)
The tune o' life ha' loſt its note,
While yet upon his lyre could float
The blitheſome ſtrain ;
His lips they were a' pleaſure ſwote,
His heart a' pain !

But in the grave no wealthy ſcorn
Frowns on the muſe's bluſhing morn ;
Nor fra' her tear-dew'd brow is torn
The wither'd wreath ;
That cheriſh'd by no dews, forlorn,
Shrunk into death !

Yet ſhouldſt thou ſcorn a hundred deaths,
On Scotia's wild red bloſſom'd heaths,
For Burns they weave immortal wreaths ;
Fra' ev'ry grove
His lay each ruby lip ſoft breathes,
That talks o' love !

Adieu, wi' a' thy wood-notes wild,
Thy rural pipe ſae ſweetly mild,
Thy ſong that mony a ſigh beguil'd
In ſorrow's breaſt ;
Adieu, misfortune's tuneful child,
Thou'rt gane to reſt !

[*Port Folio.*

A BALLAD, ON MONEY.

BY DIBDIN.

OH money, thou maſter of all things below,
Of each chain thou'rt the *principal link* :
What can purchaſe a friend, or can buy off a foe,
Or make black appear, like the chink ?

Your lawyers phyſicians, in ſhort ev'ry tribe,
Who to eat dip the pen in their ink,
Would they write, or adviſe, or conſult or preſcribe,
Were it not for the ſake of the chink ?

Of men and of women, high, low, great and ſmall,
'Tis the life, 'tis victuals, the drink ;
'Tis a good univerſal acknowledg'd—all, all
Revive at the ſound of the chink.

No more talk of Cupid, for thine far above,
His power to nothing can ſink ;
I doat to diſtraction, could have her I love,
Alas ! if I had but the chink.

EPIGRAM.

OBSERVE fair Celia, all in all,
Mild—beautiful—and young :
'Tis true—but then her mouth's ſo ſmall,
It cannot *hold her tongue !*

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